34

295

EPITAPH

On the Death of the much Honoured

Sr. Rodger Hog,

OF HARCARSE.

So metime a Senator of the *College of Justice.*

AT the most silent Hour of Night, when Sleep
With a fast Pressure o're Mans Sense doth creep,
A Dull and Heavy Weight, methought, did ly
Upon my Soul; I wept, but knew not why,
Till in my View, Ah me! there soon appears
A Company, all Sad, and all in Tears.
I look'd: And as they past, each Man I thought,
In broken Words, his Neighbour something taught:
Just was I going to ask, when lo! I see
What Them Afflicted, and Affected me;
A Mourning Hearse did follow, and on it,
To tell who lay within, these Lines in Writ.

The Good, the Godly, Generous, and Kind,
The best Companion, Father, Husband, Friend;
The stoutest Patron to mantain a Cause,
The justest Judge to square it by the Laws;
Whom neither Force, nor Flatt'ry could incline
To swerve from Equity's Eternal Line:
Who in the Face of Tyranny could own,
He would his Conscience keep, tho lose his Gown;
Who in his Privat and Retired State,
As useful was, as formerly when Great,
Because his square and firmly temper'd Soul
Round whirling Fortune's Axis could not roll,
Nor by the Force of Prejudice or Pride
Be bent his Kindness to forgo or bide;
But still in equal Temper, still the same,
Esteeming Good Men, and Esteem'd by them:
A rare Example and Encouragement
Of Virtue, with an aged Life all spent
Without a Stain, still Flourishing and Green
In Pious Acts, more to be Felt than Seen.

When this I had with Intermissions Read,
(For Floods of Tears these Intermissions made)
I could not stay to search out for his Name,
For well I knew that *HARCARSE* was the same.

FINIS.

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